which he somewhat stuns you are not at all stupid. Suit and necktie in very good taste. He sits down only for a minute, gets up immediately, walks vigorously up and down, stops, starts out again, bumps into chairs and table, smiles, and plays the overgrown child.

Returning home, I stop at the Charles Gides'. I pick up Gerard, who accompanies me home. Ventura is the sole topic of conversation. He is regaining the ground that he had too quickly thought lost.

On my arrival Paul Laurens appears, then his brother. Impossible to talk pleasantly with the two of them together! Pierre's extremism forces me to defend what otherwise I shouldn't care about at all. I have always repented being sincere with him; that's a failing into which I fall almost every time; neither he nor I shall correct ourselves.

This evening I strive to work, but my thoughts have been dreadfully upset; I do not find any one of them in its place.

Read with great interest the chapters on the habits of scorpions in J.-H. Fabre. I should be glad to write a preface for this (*Souvenirs entomologiques*[10] — a rather badly written book however).

Count Kessler takes me to lunch at Armenonville with the Hofmannsthals.

The culture of these Germans astonishes me. I cannot find it at fault on any point of our literature.

This evening I feel nothing but discouragement and sleep. A reading aloud of Wilde's *De Profundis,* both in German and in English, comforts me somewhat.

Monday

I should like to take in hand all these causes of sterility that I discern so clearly, and strangle them all. I have conscientiously cultivated every negation in me. Just now I am struggling against them. Each one taken alone is easy enough to subdue, but, rich in relationships, it is skillfully

tied to another. It forms a network from which I cannot free myself. What good is this journal? I cling to these pages as to something fixed among so many fugitive things. I oblige myself to write anything whatever in them just so I do it regularly every day. . . * Even here I seek my words, I grope, and I set down your name, Loxias!

Tuesday

I return to the Whistler exhibit with Em. A somewhat less vivid impression, but numerous reflections on the methods of suppression in art. Whatever Paul and Pierre Laurens say, I cannot and wfll not look upon

[10] *Recollections of an Entomologist: InsMnct and Customs among the Insects.* These volumes began appearing ia 1883; the last one came out **in** 1907.